









## Miscellaneous Department.

For the Standard.

ET IGO IN ACTUS.

Let us think of the brave, or the brave,

Who went forth

From many sunny lands

To the white and airy strands

Of the dim deserted rooms

In the North.

Peace, wife and child they left,

And went forth;

For they thought not of the Death

That smiled and held his breath,

As they went and never drew

In the North.

In the fathers of their hope

They went forth—

But the years shall pass away,

Not return unto the day

Those who perished in the gloom

Of the North.

In the dreary night

They looked forth,

And cried, "The sun is dead!"

And autistically drew

Pull upon them as they gazed

In the North.

In the midnight, lone, here,

They looked forth,

And the sky

Mocked their solemn agony,

Weaving a supernatural doom

In the North.

So the dreary night went by,

And came forth

The pale and weary dawn,

And they trembled in his ray,

And knew their fate was come,

In the North.

Up from the solid sea,

His throat

They saw the light was nigh,

And they saw with tearless eye

How their strength and hope had died,

In the North.

And a bitter sorrow

And went forth,

In the madness of his pride,

And they perished side by side;

By the drawing of his state,

In the North.

And amid the ice they lie,

Looking forth,

With hand and angry eyes,

For the madly empty sea

That pitied not her fear,

In the North.

Never from those dumb, dead seas,

Shall come forth

That bold and happy crew,

And more their grave shall strew

With flowers, new wet with tears,

In the North.

But their memory, like a god,

Shall go forth

And all time shall wrap their fate

In the empire dead,

That gave no echo back,

In the North.

J. A. DORRAN.

ROBERT EMMET.

I want a hero; an uncommon want.—DORRAN.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the French of Madame d'ARLANSVILLE.

IN CONVERSATION.

"The young Robert Emmet and his brother

was expelled, in prison, the state crime alleged against him,

had just finished his studies, with the most brilliant suc-

cess, above all in mathematics and the natural sciences.

But his quick intellect was not stimulated by the thirst

for knowledge and the ardor of emulation alone. Robert

early learned, by the example of his eldest brother, the

democratic and republican principles which were those of

the leaders of the United Irishmen. The stormy times

in which his life was passing, and the high position

of his father, led him to a more ardent and more

pure soul. In that ardent native patriotism was over the

most important sentiment. One in fact to think that, by

a Providential precaution, the lands least favored by de-

clay, like Ireland and Poland, have inspired their children

with the deepest attachment. Doubtless Robert Emmet

could have applied to his own country the lines once

addressed to his own by the poet:

"The children of the suffering people  
More the children ought to love her."

Brought up under the horrible repression of 1798, Robert

hated the English yoke, and never, truth to tell, was

hated more legitimate.

"The feelings which agitated him are painted in his

poems, composed without doubt, at this period, and

in which his life was passing, and the high position

of his father, led him to a more ardent and more

pure soul. In that ardent native patriotism was over the

most important sentiment. One in fact to think that, by

a Providential precaution, the lands least favored by de-

clay, like Ireland and Poland, have inspired their children

with the deepest attachment. Doubtless Robert Emmet

could have applied to his own country the lines once

addressed to his own by the poet:

"The children of the suffering people  
More the children ought to love her."

"No rising calm marks the spot  
Where the blood which has been  
To the blood which has been  
To the blood which has been

"At the opening of the year 1798, Robert Emmet was

received a member of the Historical Society of Dublin.

This celebrated Society was founded in 1770, for the

purpose of exercising the young students of the University

in the art of speaking, and was the school where the

greatest orators of the time were formed, and where the

talents of the Curran, the Grattan, the Plunkets,

the Temple Emmets and others were first displayed.

There they discussed moral, historical and political theses,

like the following: "Is the conquest of a barbarous

nation by a civilized one justifiable in a moral point of

view?" "Was Charles the First justly condemned, or

ought his death to be considered a crime?" The Presi-

dent of the question, who spoke and replied in

turn. It was forbidden to approach the subject from

the politics of the day. But such was then the fervent

excitement of men's minds that the most distant allusion

to the situation of Ireland found an echo in an audience

trembling to the breath of the passion that animated the

orator. The first appearance of Robert Emmet made a

great sensation. From that day he showed oratorical

talents of the highest order. The Society had met for his

reception, and the question was in fact a subject for

discussion necessary to the existence of a good govern-

ment." The President gave notice that his allusion to

existing politics was out of order. Robert Emmet, in

his maiden speech, held himself dextrously within the

prescribed limits. He sustained, of course, the liberal

speech, eloquently of the ancient principles of Greece

and of Rome—ending with a lively picture of the

engendered by a government deprived of the free

control of the press and the tribune. One of the students

named Lefroy, undertook to reply, and refuted, one by

one, his arguments. Robert rejoined in a discourse evi-

dently improvised, in which, says Dr. McCarney, who

was present, he showed the rarest talent. "If ever," he

coincided, "a government should be criminal enough to

smear an innocent man, it would be for the people

to deliberate on the expediency of killing him, and

thoroughly examining the evil motives and the remedy

to be applied; that does, it only would be to draw from

such an examination practical conclusions."

this boasted talent, his lofty and towering eloquence in his

trial (note remain); and one hears the powerful sym-

phetic voice of the great masters of eloquence vibrate

in the last accents of the young orator, and feels the flow

of that broad stream.

where, like light from living crystal, the soul every-

where radiates. It is, above all other places, at the

tribune that individuality is revealed in all its grace

and freedom; and it is not without reason that the ancients

called oratory the first art, for it is of those whose

noble purpose raises the worship of mere beauty;

which it traverses, indeed, and with which it

can do battle as with a shining garment, but its mag-

netness is in action, in the night of truth upon the

hears of assembled men. The qualities it exerts of the

orator are complex, springing not from talent alone. One

cannot shake off a feeling of sadness in the face of the frag-

remains of oratorical eloquence; so like those great

figures of the Italian school, whose fading colors and un-

derstanding are crumbling, and whose imperious and

most palpable in the cold dispassionate dead. Life

is magnificent creations of a day, destined with their day

to live and perish, shine with a melancholy light that

vanish in the shades of the past.

Very young as Robert still was, great hopes rested

upon him. He exercised a singular ascendancy over the

contemporary generation, which regarded him as its

leader. His precocious talents, the strong and tender

qualities revealed in his early years, and the noble

character which surrounded him with a mixture of admiration and respect.

"He was," says Phillips, in his recollections of Curran,

"a young man of a genius truly extraordinary. It may

be that Robert Emmet was a sharer in his hopes by

his brilliant youth; yet it does not appear that, among

the passions which the morning of life awakens, ambition

or the love of glory ever much occupied his soul. Of an

ardent and thoughtful disposition, he lived in the society

of the poets and writers of his day. The great spirit,

and the illustrations of the death of the Irish patri-

ots of his life. Indifferent to the world that surrounded

him, nothing had as yet troubled the noble and generous

heart which was so soon to cease to beat.

The early spring, says Yauvenargues, is less graceful

than the blossoming virtue of a young man. It is then

that his contemporaries portray to us Robert Emmet in

his early youth, already under the grace of adoles-

cence, the serious gravity of his nature, and the

middle size, slender and delicate, though endowed with

a nervous strength which enabled him easily to resist

great fatigues. He walked fast, and all his movements

were rapid. The portraits which remain of him have

been painted from memory after his death, and the painter

it, is affirmed, with a mind filled with the thought of his

tragic death, has given him an expression of gloom and

melancholy which do not belong to his happier days.

His countenance is pale and distinguished, his hair

brown, the complexion clear and pale, the brow

large black eyes, with their long lids, give to his phy-

siognomy a remarkable character of loftiness, penetration

and sweetness. The nose is Roman, the mouth a little

disdainful. Strength and delicacy, energy and tenderness

revel themselves in that sad, intense look. It appears

that, thanks to his simplicity and the utter absence of

artificiality, he was able to attract Robert Emmet to

attract at first under the name of the modest and

circumstances of his life; but by all subject deeply in-

terested to him was discussed, he seemed another man. "If

you ask me," said Thomas Moore, "to point out among

all the persons I have ever known the one who seemed to

me to combine in the highest degree intellectual gifts

with moral elevation, I should, without hesitation, name

Robert Emmet. He never yielded himself to the follies

or indolence of the young; he was soon to manifest

his nature capable of the most ardent and noble

moral were pure and his principles rigid. The sciences,

in the study of which he had obtained such brilliant suc-

cess, seemed to occupy all his thoughts, until that

enthusiasm for the liberties of his country which was

with him, as much a hereditary as a national sentiment.

He was the second martyr given by his father to the

cause. Simple in his habits, the tranquillity of his look

and his calm and certain eye, which he never

if one did but touch the cord to which his feelings re-

sponded, and through them his intellect, he rose at once

far above the level of ordinary men. This was never

more remarkable than in the debates of the Historical

Society, where he so often chained the attention and sym-

pathy of his youthful audience. Two different individuals

in his person, he was at once a young man and a

man of letters. He was a young man of the type

which a moment before seemed languid and inanimate,

was lighted up with all the power of his faculties. His

face, his gestures and his whole attitude took the char-

acter of inspiration. Of his eloquence I can only speak

from my early recollections, but I have heard nothing

which seemed of a character more lofty, and I must

said, more page—a rare quality in our Irish eloquence."

One of the remarkable articles, entitled "Robert

Emmet and his contemporaries," in the Standard, is

the same manner. "He had received from his father

the happiest endowments—the brilliant gifts and exterior

qualifications entailed to a great orator, the power of imagi-

nation which agitates and appeases at the will the passions

of the audience, the activity and authority necessary to the

leader of a party. He is counted among the most gifted

of the sons of Ireland by those who dwell with the most

ardor upon the fertility of his genius and his

amiable qualities, combined with the loftiest

of his mind. A Protestant, he embraced with ardor the

of Catholic Emancipation, devoting to it his fortune and

his life, at a time when it counted but few advocates in

Ireland."

"It was in the debates of the Historical Society that

Robert Emmet first knew Thomas Moore, over whom he

exercised a great influence; and these two young men

of the same age, and of the same family, became

the same manner. "He had received from his father

the happiest endowments—the brilliant gifts and exterior